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Shaver had a few of these
printed for our own family
and for one or two of our
Father's oldest & best friends

S. J. F.

Calgary, D. W. T.
Canada
31 Dec. 1897.

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A DREAM

As I dozed in my easy chair last night, it happens singularly enough, Mr. Editor, that as I grow older I take to easy chairs, cushioned seats and comforts generally, which in my younger days I condemned as womanly weaknesses; but as I dozed I dreamed of the olden time when I used to sit in my uncle's chair and listen to his tales of the journeys and voyages of himself and his friends in the days of the old Northwest Company---when the departure from Lachine was a great day for the Company and its officers, and the return of the voyageurs was celebrated in most luxuriant fashion in Montreal.

I saw in my dream the brigade of canoes setting out, but first I saw the partners of the Company duly carried out by sturdy fellows through the shallow water and placed with great ceremony in luxurious fur-lined canoes, in which they made their trips from St. Anne's to the extreme of the posts of the Company, and I heard many a cheer and the sweet chants of the voyageur. Even now the words of A la Claire Fontaine seem to ring in my ears, and as I dreamed I heard the old man tell of Nipissing, Huron, and Superior, with their storms and sunshine; and then I ran the rapids of many a wild stream; then the scene changed and I saw him travelling across the prairies, the travelers keeping careful watch for fear of Crees, Sioux, and Salteaux, and as they got further into the prairies taking special precautions against the Blackfeet and Sarcees, then the most hostile of the Indian tribes. Again I saw him and his party amongst

the mountains at the head waters of the Columbia, taking canoes to go down to the mouth of the river to Astoria, guarding well against the Gros Ventres, Piutes, Flat Heads, and Diggers. Again I saw him and his party laboriously making their way back through the Yellowhead Pass, through the Ustaga country to Athabasca, Great Slave Lake, and the Mackenzie river, and I heard the old man as though I saw his eyes brighten and his breath come quicker, as he told of the many dangers and varied incidents of his long route; while again I saw him on the far Sis Sis Katchewan on his way to stormy Lake Winnipeg with its rocky and inhospitable shores, until at last, after two years, he was carried on shore at Lachine after his long journey.

Such was the scene as presented to me in my dream of the old-time tale of the Nor-wester, and as the scenes changed the old man described the countries he had visited where not often a white man had set his foot.

Again my dream changed and I stood in the gallery of the House of Commons at Ottawa, and the rulers of our people considered the question of getting possession of the great Hudson's Bay territory, and as I listened I heard again of the country the old Nor-wester had so loved to tell about, and some were for and some were against old Canada taking so great a responsibility, and a young man got up to speak and the whole house listened, for he was looked to, so I was told as I dreamed, as the future leader of his party, and with an eloquent tongue he declared that for Canada to at-

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tempt to take possession of the Northwest would be utter ruin, that they would never be able to pay the interest on the debt it would involve them in, and all his party cheered his speech and pronounced it the wisest ever made in the Canadian Parliament. And as I listened in my dream the face of the old Nor'-wester came up before me, and I heard him say: "He does not know of what he talks." And another member, addressed the House, a spare looking man with almost a Jewish face, with curly hair and very bright eyes, and a nervous action of his head, and he, as I heard in my dream, spoke long in favor of acquiring the territory, and pictured the future of the country.

Then in my dream I was out on the plains in the Blackfoot country, and I thought I recollected all I had been told about them and their hostility and their country. But I saw also what I had not been told of, for there was a great railway and settlements, and as for the Blackfeet they were very friendly, and all they seemed to do was to polish the horns of long dead buffaloes, which they largely sold to the white people.

And again I dreamed and thought I was in a great city, which must have been named by a Scotchman, for it was called Calgarry---but they have corrupted the good old Highland name, and now they call it Calgary---and in this town there were many people and many railways met in it, for in a huge station house I read many time tables of roads I had never heard of before. The first read "Ho for San Francisco and Mexico, the Great Calgary, Macleod and Boundary Line R. R., connects

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with all the leading roads to the south." Then again, "C.P.R. to Vancouver and the Pacific coast" Then in flaming colors "Calgary, Edmonton, and Peace River R.R., connecting with the Edmonton, Unshaga, and Athabasca R. R." And again, "Through excursion to the McKenzie river, connecting with steamers on Great Slave lake, and the Arctic Circle R.R. A grand excursion by this route to the mouth of the McKenzie river, then by regular route over the mountains to the Yukon river, and thence by steamer to the mouth of the river and Sitka; from thence by ocean steamers past the glaciers and the grandest mountains of North America, through the gulf of Georgia to the city of Vancouver." And I wondered as I dreamed. Suddenly I felt something give me a shake and heard a voice saying rather sharply, "what are you snoring there for?"---and so it was all a dream,---and I wrote it down at once as I recollected it, and have been ever since wondering whether it---my last dream---will all come true. Perhaps not in my time. I am older than when the old Nor'-wester told me his stories, but in the not very far off future this will all be realized, at least so I believe, and this little town of Calgary will be the great city and railway centre I dreamed of; and it may be that some of those who read this dream in the little prairie town of Calgary (Scotland for ever) will see its fulfilment in the city of the future; and perhaps someone seeing it will say: "When I was a child a cranky old fellow wrote of these things as in a dream, and they said he called himself

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